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Fires that Cannot be Quenched.

POTTSVILLE, PA., Nov. 2.—The failure of all the attempt to extinguish the fire which has been raging in the Keeley Tunnel for several weeks, it is feared, will add another to the perpetually burning mines that now exist in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions. The greatest of these is probably that in the jugular vein, near Coal Castle, this county. This has been burning since 1835. Lewis F. Dougherty opened this vein in 1833. The upper drift of the mine was above water level, and a huge fire was kept in a grate at the mouth of the mine in winter to keep the water from freezing in the gutters. One night in the above year the timbers of the drift caught fire from the grate. When it was discovered the fire had been carried down the air hole to the lower drifts, and was beyond control. Two miners entered the mine, hoped to recover their tools. They never came out. The mine was abandoned. No efforts was made to mine any of the coal near the burning vein, although it was considered the best coal in the region, until 1856. Then John McGinnis put in a slope on the east side of it, below water level. He struck the vein at a place where the coal was so thick that two miners could keep a large breaker supplied. When 400 yards of gangway had been excavated the heat from the burning Dougherty mine began to bother the miners. McGinnis attempted to open an air hole. The heat became so great that the men were paid double wages to induce them to work. They worked entirely naked, and were relieved every ten minutes. Finally the heat became so intense that work was abandoned. The mine was flooded. After being pumped out, men could again work for a few days. The mine was flooded nine times. McGinnis finally failed, and the mine was then abandoned. The fire has been raging in the vein ever since. An area of half a mile in every direction has been burned. No vegetation grows on the surface. In places the ground has caved in, forming chasms a hundred feet deep. There is but a thin shell of earth over the pit of fire. At night blue, sulphurous flames issue from the crevices in the ground. It is dangerous to walk across the spot. Several persons have mysteriously disappeared in the vicinity during the past twenty years. It is believed that in a majority of the cases they have fallen into the burning mine. Dougherty, the original proprietor of the mine, attempted to go across once. He sank to his armpits through the crust, and was only saved by courageous friends who ventured to his assistance. The stones on the ground are hot and snow never rests there. Rain turns to vapor as fast as it falls on the roof of the burning mine. Millions of dollars' worth of the best quality of coal have been consumed by the fire.

The Summit Hill mine, near Mauch Chunk, has been burning for twenty-five years. It is believed that this mine was set on fire by discontented miners. Thousands of dollars have been expended in fruitless efforts to extinguish the flames. The Butler mine, near Pittston, has been burning three years. It was set on fire by a party of tramps, who built a fire in the mine in 1877. The fire is in the upper drifts. It is confined to an area of forty acres by an immense ditch forty feet wide, which was excavated between the burning drift and connecting ones. The digging of the canal cost \$50,000. But for that obstacle the fire would have communicated to some of the most extensive mines in the Lackawanna valley, and a subterranean conflagration would have swept under the whole of West Pittston. Miners worked in the lower drift of the Butler mine since the fire broke out, but there are but forty feet of rock between them and the field of fire above. The water that trickles through the roof is scalding hot. The temperature is so high that the men can wear but little clothing.

How a Husband Was Lost.

When the late Lafayette S. Foster, at one time president of the United States Senate, was a young and rising lawyer, he wooed and was engaged to a young lady whose family enjoyed a larger social prominence than his own. The wedding day had been fixed and the couple were talking over their prospective tour, as a part of which young Foster proposed that they should spend a few days with his parents, who resided in a town some distance away. The lady rather reluctantly consented, but said: "I will go with you this time, but in the future you must not expect my visits to your parents to be very frequent. You must remember that our associations have been very different." Surprised and shocked by this cold-blooded depreciation of the father and mother whom he loved and honored the young man paced the floor the sport of seething and conflicting emotions. Finally, taking his hat he turned to the young lady and said: "I am glad I have found you out in time; you may go to the deuce." The rebuke might not have been choice in style, but it was earnest in spirit. Thereafter their ways lay apart and she was not the gainer.

What Beat Us.

With California and Oregon given to Garfield, General Hancock has still one hundred and fifty electoral votes, and if the thirty-five of this State were added he would have exactly the needed one hundred and eighty-five. New York, therefore, could have elected him. It depended upon this State to name the next President and she has not named the Democratic candidate. Why? Because the majority that Democrats fairly looked for from this city failed through the treacherous disorganization of the Democratic vote that was brought about by Kelly's machinations; because, in short it did not suit Mr. Kelly to have the Democratic party win, if it had to do this at any expense whatever to his private schemes for obtaining control of our municipal twenty millions. That General Hancock could and would have carried this State but for the disorganization and demoralization of the Democratic vote of the city brought about by Mr. Kelly seems to be demonstrated by the returns. The result in this State would be changed by a change of less than twelve thousand votes.—*New York Herald.*

"I Want to Be an Angel."

The importance of timeliness in personal effort for the good of souls was effectively learned by a city minister's wife the other day. She was entertaining the infant class in her parlor. Among the "infants" was a sweet little three-year old cherub, with flowing brown curls, large blue eyes, fair complexion, and despite her blue silk dress and long sash, a pure heavenliness of expression. They had just sung "I want to be an angel," and had returned to their sport. And now, to begin the loving lure for that young soul, already to mortal view so near the pearly gate, the good woman held out her hands with the most winning grace, and asked in her softest tones: "Dora, dear, do you want to be an angel?" Looking up from her suddenly interrupted game, the incipient angel slightly "looked down" her fascinated hostess with the outburst, "Oh, go to grass; don't bother!"—*Congregationalist.*

It is so strange! We see a million faces, we hear a million voices, we meet a million women with flowers on their breasts and light in their fair eyes, and they do not touch us. Then we see one, and she holds for us life or death, and plays with them idly so often—as idly as a child with toys. She is not nobler, better or more beautiful than were all those we passed, and yet the world is empty without her.

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.

Are We to Have an Empire.

A correspondent of the New York Star writing from Syracuse, N. Y., asks:

Are the Republican leaders plotting Imperialism? I am impelled to this question by a revelation made to me which means that the next President of the United States will be a man who was not voted for. On Monday night, before the election, at a late hour, I was sitting in one of the hotels at Syracuse talking with a prominent Republican politician, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with all inside matters of the campaign, when the conversation turned upon the visit of Grant to Syracuse, I asked:

"What is the secret of Grant's interest in Garfield's success?"

The gentleman did not reply at once. Finally he said, with a significant movement of the head, "He has an object."

Not a little surprised, I enquired: "How is that?"

"It would not become me to tell tales out of school," responded the other. "I am too good a Republican."

I pressed the gentleman, and at last he said: "I do not feel bound to keep the secret, as I was opposed to Garfield. Mark me well. U. S. Grant will be the next President of the United States!"

I asked for an explanation, and the gentleman replied: "You doubtless remember the famous conference at Mentor, at which Garfield, Conkling, Grant and Logan were present?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Well, at that meeting a gigantic job was put up. It was arranged that Grant should be President and Garfield Vice-President."

"How could that be accomplished?"

"Easy. All that would be necessary would be for the electors to cast their ballots for Grant and Garfield."

"Did Garfield consent to this disposition of himself?"

"He had no alternative. Without Conkling's aid he saw that it was absolutely impossible for our party to succeed."

"What is to be done with Arthur?"

"He will be provided for."

"Will the electors consent to cast their ballots for Grant and Garfield?"

"In return the gentleman asked: 'Does the Republican party want to lose Conkling and Grant?'"

"Why did not Conkling come to Syracuse with Grant, as first announced?"

"For the reason that he is not in good accord with the Republicans here. The delegation from this district went against Grant at Chicago."

"Do you know this to be true?"

"Yes."

"How?"

The gentleman was silent.

"Did you hear it from an elector?"

"I have already told you more than I intended," he answered; "but as I am opposed to a third term, I cannot restrain my feelings on this imposition."

Later developments recall it vividly to my mind. Other remarks were made, but they were of no importance. I cast about, and as the result of my observations and enquiries, I obtained what I consider to be absolute proof that the plot was entirely the work of Conkling. I believe that the National Committee is in the league with Conkling, and from the disclosures I think that a sufficient number of electors have promised to assist in carrying out the scheme. I have evidence in my possession that as soon as it is fully developed will prove beyond a doubt that Conkling is planning to steal the Presidency for Grant.

General Hancock makes the fourth defeated Democratic candidate for the Presidency now living. The other three are General McClellan, who was beaten in 1864; Horatio Seymour, who ran in 1868; and Mr. Tilden. Gen. Grant is the only ex-President living.

Free Speech.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, made a speech at Atlanta, Ga., a fortnight ago, in the Senate chamber, the most prominent State officials being present. After giving the audience a most dismal and plain-spoken sketch of their own condition under slavery, he said, among other things, that his own observations told him that "the progress of the colored people of the Atlantic States is one of the marvels of economic history." This, however, cannot be true, if we are to believe Mr. Sherman's and Mr. Daw's accounts of the negro in those States, neither of whom, it must be admitted, has made any observations on the matter at all. Mr. Atkinson also put in a good or bad word for the carpet-baggers by alleging that the majority of the white men in the carpet-bag legislatures which piled up the large State debts after the war, were natives. This, however, is not saying much for them, for, if we remember rightly, there were at one time only six whites in the South Carolina Legislature. The worst carpet-baggers were not in the legislatures, but devoted themselves to "manipulating," "mind-poisoning," and bond peddling outside. Mr. Atkinson, whose address was mainly devoted to the methods of cotton culture and manufacture, also enforced in some very vigorous language the necessity to material prosperity of letting every man who come amongst them to say his say without let or hindrance, and invited them, if they wanted to "jaw back," to come up to New England and "search out its weak places." The hardened and diabolical crowd, instead of precipitating themselves on the speaker with pistols and bludgeons, according to their nature as described by "staff correspondents," only laughed and cheered. He told a good story of an old colored man at Columbia, S. C., who accounted for the overthrow of the Chamberlain Government by saying that the reason was "dat you can't put ignorance ober intelligence and make it stay."—*N. Y. Nation.*

Judge Cooke.

Ex-Judge Thompson H. Cooke was a candidate for the State Senate as an independent Democrat in consequence of a burning desire to test some question evolved from the intricate depths of his mysterious inner consciousness. We trust he has found the answer satisfactory. On the face of the returns he has 2,318 votes in this county. Eleven of the candidates on his own fusion ticket ran ahead of him, including Mr. Speer and two gentlemen who had declined being candidates. Absalom Blythe had the glory of beating the ex-Judge by seven votes. Col. Perry, the straight Democratic nominee, beat him by 2,201. Only two names on his ticket are credited with less votes than himself, and he is 67 behind the highest. The returns indicate not only that he failed to receive any Democratic votes, but was scratched by some Republicans. The test has been satisfactorily decided.—*Greenville News.*

No Bulldozing.

ELIZABETH, October 26.—The managers of the Singer Sewing Machine Company's Works, in Elizabethport, have at length taken a decided stand against the efforts of the unscrupulous men who have been attempting to frighten their Democratic employees into voting the Republican ticket. A high official of the company has promulgated the following notice, which appears in the journals here, and has been circulated among the men: "No bulldozing or coercion of employees is or will be tolerated, but the men are and will be left free to the exercise of their own convictions, unawed and unsolicited by the company to do otherwise. Further, the managers promise to reinstate any employees who may have been discharged on any political ground whatever, if such there be, and the boss or foreman who so offends will himself be discharged."

A Masonic Incident.

A few nights ago there was a meeting of Oostanaula Lodge F. A. M., for work in the third degree and there was quite a large attendance of the members of both the city lodges. When the lodge was called to refreshment, Dr. James, W. M., arose and stated that there was a poor woman and her two children in the city whose deceased husband was not an affiliated Mason, but nevertheless, the lady and her children are in destitute circumstances, and needed assistance. He stated that free transportation had been procured for them and their household effects to a neighboring State where they expected to meet relatives, but they had no money with which to purchase suitable clothing in which to make the journey. He then asked the brethren to contribute according to their means. The scene that followed made every one in the room feel proud. At once hands were thrust into pockets and the money was handed out faster than Dr. James could receive it. One brother, a nobleman, who is a poor man working upon a salary, and who has a family dependent upon him, gave five dollars, and others gave according to their means, until more than enough was quickly obtained. Yesterday the money with a note attached was sent to the widow, and upon receipt of it she uttered her thanks by bursting into tears. Thus again has Masonry exemplified its teaching, and its cardinal points of faith, hope and charity, "that the greatest of these is charity." Perhaps if we could know the truth, the recording angel has inscribed this upon his book. It is certainly worthy of it, and reflects credit upon the brethren who participated. To preach charity is good, but to practice it is far better.—*Rome Tribune.*

Gen. Hancock and the Army.

The New York Evening Post, Rep., says: "Should the forthcoming report of the General of the Army prove his last—and it is confidently announced from Washington that Gen. Sherman has determined to go upon the retired list next spring—it will give to both Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Hancock a step upward in military position: if not in nominal rank. The title of General was conferred specially upon Gen. Sherman, and thus does not pass to a successor; but, in the event of his retirement, which the law enables him to do on the completion of thirty years' service, Gen. Sheridan will take command of the army at Washington and Gen. Hancock, by established custom, will succeed at Chicago to the important post now filled by Gen. Sheridan. The country will be loth to lose from its active service the distinguished officer now at the head of its army; but it will be glad to see any possible additional honor open to the gallant soldier who by no means loses his place in the hearts of his countrymen because of his defeat in a political election."

The Next House.

A Washington special to the Boston Herald says: Three Republican members elect of the Forty-seventh Congress—Mr. Frye, of Maine, Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, and Mr. Morton of New York—are understood to be candidates for the U. S. Senate, and, if elected, would make vacancies in Congress which would have to be filled by special election. In the other event—that Mr. Morton should accept a position in the Cabinet—a vacancy would occur in the New York delegation which would have to be filled by a special election. The fact that a few Greenbackers elected to the Forty-Seventh Congress will probably hold the balance of power in the organization of the next House, in connection with possible election of Democrats to fill the vacancies in New York and New Jersey, causes great anxiety here among Republicans, who hope to elect the next speaker, and through him to organize the committees and control the business of the House of the Forty-seventh Congress.

Whiskey.

FORSTIER, November 3.—A tramp printer by the name of Caldwell was knocked off of the railroad by a passenger train. He was brought to town in an unconscious state, where he died in a few minutes.

The man referred to was not named "Caldwell" and was not a printer. Seventeen years ago he occupied a place of some importance under the Confederate government, having been incapacitated from active service by honorable wounds. Of the best Virginia blood, inheriting a brilliant intellect, the possessor of unusual acquirements, handsome in feature and courtly in address, he was a social favorite, and seemed destined for success in life. Having a rare talent for journalism, he entered upon it after the war. Then he disappeared from general public view. Two months ago he entered *The Daily News* office, an unkempt, abject, shivering tramp, sunk far below and away from his refined home circle, and old friends. Ambition lost, hope gone, and respectability only a bitter memory, he "moved on" upon his weary, aimless journey, as very a wreck as ever drifted lonely and forgotten on the cold waves of a silent and desolate sea. An outcast, having no fellowship with those like him, and only a maudlin envy of those from among whom he fell, he went on and on to new scorn and rebuffs, seeking nothing, and with never a hope of comfort or rest.

His long tramp is over. A soon-to-be forgotten heap of earth somewhere hides what is left from prying eyes. Friends and family will forget him except to wonder of his fate and think of him as they knew him, in his strength and beauty, in the past that seems already so misty and strange. Few will know that the mass of uncleanly rags and bloated flesh that lay beside the railroad track and found a stranger's grave in Georgia, was the remnant of the accomplished gentleman and the brilliant journalist.

Let it go. One life ruined does not count for much among so many, and twenty years hence there will be no record that he ever lived or flourished, except chance vague recollections. Had it not been for whiskey, however, the man might have been strong and great and his name handed down with honor.—*Greenville News.*

A Scheme for the Future.

"Gath" writes to the Cincinnati Enquirer and forecasts the policy of the Radicals in this way: "Hampton is considered to be the link that the late General Forrest was between Mississippi and South Carolina—a sort of ku-klux fomentor and organizer. They regard Forrest as having put his rough, barbaric energies into the ku-klux, and Hampton as being more polished and subtle, but of less principle. His vanity to make public speeches and figure in the North has reacted on the tolerably fair impression he made as a mere Senator. But the next Congress is Republican. Not improbably they may throw every one of the members from the states alleged to habitually cheat or intimidate the negro vote out of their seats, and order an investigation into the past four or five elections."

To Day and To-Morrow.

To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wreath of leaves shades us—to-morrow sear, and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale—to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain—to-morrow the land is taking its rest after toll.

To-day we hear sweet songsters of the meadows and forests, the buzz and hum of myriad insects—to-morrow breathe softly, all nature hushed and silent.

To-day there are cattle upon a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall by slaughter.